By The Camp Fire

Words by
MABEL ELIZABETH GIRLING

Music by
PERCY WENRICH

Moderato

Till ready

Where the waters kiss the silent shore,
There's a little
can see the moon-light on your hair,
Darting flames are

spot that I adore,
flitting here and there,
When the evening shadows fall,
And the night winds

Lighting up your beauty rare,
In the fire-lights
call;
glare;
In a nook just underneath the trees,
That is where I long to be with you.
Where old nature sends a gentle breeze,
Long to hear you tell me you'll be true,
There beneath the summer skies,
Just to cheer, while you're near.
Magical lies in your eyes.

REFRAIN

Come where the camp-fire is gleaming,
Come where the fire-flies are beaming,
Down where the river is streaming by,
There I'll be.
wait ing for you, wait ing where the flames are glow ing. To tell you I a dore you
un der neath the clear moon light so bright; Come where my ban jo is ring ing,
Where sum mer bree zes are sing ing, Down where the night owl is wing ing, too;
I hear him call ing you, Yes, the owl is call ing you, Oh, my hon ey,
Come by the camp fire, Come by the camp fire bright.